

The Christian Reflector.

J. W. OLMSTEAD, Editor.
H. A. GRAVES, Cor. Editor.

VOL. XI.

BOSTON, THURSDAY, JANUARY 27, 1848.

No. 4.

Proprietors, UPHAM, FORD,
AND COMPANY.

Christian Reflector.

OFFICE, NO. 52 WASHINGTON STREET, BOSTON.
DUNNELL & MOORE'S POWER PRESS.
FOR TERMS, SEE LAST PAGE.

Foreign Correspondence of the Christian Reflector.

Letters on France.

ITS RELIGIOUS CONDITION.—NO. XII.

Ecclesiastical Architecture in France—the Church of St. Ouen, and the Cathedral at Rouen—Injuries inflicted on old churches in Paris by Time, Revolution, and Variations of Style.

Ecclesiastical Architecture in France may boast of possessing the five component parts which are requisite, according to an old French proverb, in order to form a fine church—the choir of Beauvais, the nave of Amiens, the portal of Rheims, the bells of Chartres, and the towers of Notre-Dame de Paris.

In a single city of Normandy, are two great churches, which afford an accurate idea of French Gothic, at the period when it had reached its ultimate perfection, or perhaps exuberance. I refer to the cathedral, and to the church of St. Ouen, at Rouen. The interior of the latter structure, with the perfect harmony of its proportions, and the mysterious light which streams through its richly colored windows, cannot fail to fill the mind with surprise by the boldness of its architecture, the scarcely credible work of human hands. A profusely decorative style spreads itself over the vaulting, in various angular compartments, with bosses, heads, and wreaths at the joinings, and in such an abundance and lightness, as to have the appearance of embroidery in stone. No words can adequately describe this church which has been pronounced to be unparalleled in architectural ornament.

Nor can anything but actual inspection communicate the general effect of sublimity produced by the facade of the cathedral, a stately expanded mass, occupying two hundred and fifty feet at the foundation, and rising to a pyramidal roof of one hundred and seventy, flanked by two towers, which are each of the height of two hundred and thirty feet, and between which, springs aloft the new cast-iron spire, replacing the famous central spire, that was visible at a distance of twenty-one miles, on every side. The grand porch occupies the central division, the whole space of which is literally peopled with carved figures from the size of life to diminutive forms. The large group of sculptures in high-relief over the head of the door-case, designates the tree of Jesse, or the genealogy of the Virgin Mary, by almost innumerable figures. Some of the bas-reliefs on the front of this cathedral, are in strange taste; that, for instance, over the lateral portal on the left, representing Herod sitting at table, while his niece, Salome, dances on the right, and while his hands, and kicks her heels in the air, for his amusement. Throughout Normandy the curiosity of the tourist is amply gratified by numerous specimens of the rude sculpture, in which the exuberance of Gothic fancy was displayed during the earliest Norman era, when it applied itself principally to the capitals of pillars, in nave, crypt, and chapter house. The subjects are multifarious; leaves, flowers, and vegetable representations in almost every possible combination of them; satirical postures of the human and animal form, but rarely as in nature; monsters combating with or destroying each other; our Saviour thrusting a spear into the mouth of a serpent, or weighing souls with Satan, as a monster, pushing down the opposite scale with a sword.

Everywhere in Europe, during the middle ages, the infinite varieties of human fancy, and opinion, and feeling, which would now be multiplied by means of the press, were then recorded in characters of stone upon the churches. Every wall is thus a page of history, shedding light upon the course of events, and the progress of arts and sciences. Paganism, alchemy, skepticism, and even heresy, as well as superstition, all sought expression or concealment in these architectural hieroglyphics. Could they be fully deciphered, not a few of them would prove to be symbols of opinions, which, otherwise expressed, would have condemned their authors to the rack, or the stake. But illustrations of this remark afford matter for thick volumes rather than for a short paragraph. I will only add that one of the lofty towers on the cathedral of Rouen, is entirely a signature, as it were, of superstition, and is called the Tower of Butter, having been erected out of the contributions paid by the people to the clergy, for permission to eat butter in Lent.

At Paris, as well as in the provincial towns of France, there are a few survivors of that ancient family of churches, which have been described as 'quite hieroglyphic, sacerdotal, symbolical.' But like other churches, of every style of architecture, they have suffered from the three kinds of injury to which all such edifices are exposed.—Time, which indeed, sometimes compensates for its ravages, by imparting a sombre hue that renders their old age beautiful; revolutions, political and religious, which have rushed tumultuously upon them, stripped them of their rich garb of sculptures and carvings, broken their open-work, and their chains of arabesques and fanciful figures, torn down their statues, sometimes on account of their crimes, at others on account of their crowns; and, lastly, the fashions, more and more silly and grotesque, which since the splendid deviations of the Renaissance, have succeeded each other in the necessary decline of architecture. Nothing now remains of the Church of St. Jacques de la Boucherie, that complete hieroglyphic of alchemy, except its rich and curious square tower. The abbey church of St. Germain des Prés, so long celebrated

for containing the tomb of Childbert, which has been removed to St. Denis, is shorn of the splendor which formerly procured for it the title of the Golden Basilica. Uncouth telegraphs writhe and grin on the towers of St. Sulpice, and many of the ornaments of that spacious edifice belong to the class stigmatized by Victor Hugo as paltry gewgaws of a day, ribands of marble, pompons of metal, a downright leprosy of eggs, volutes, spirals, draperies, garlands, fringes, flames of stone, clouds of bronze, plectoric cupids, and chubby cherubs, which has eaten into the face of art.

In another letter, we will conclude our tour of the churches, by a visit to the Cathedral of Notre-Dame.

ALCUIX.

For the Christian Reflector.

Revival Influence.—No. 2.

A REVIVAL INFLUENCE IS NEEDED TO ELEVATE THE CHARACTER OF THE CHURCH. The church of the 19th century lies under reproach. When the gifts of the church are misimposed, when her strength is removed, when her efforts are feeble and unsuccessful, when her members go after the world, and conform to its maxims and customs, she is lowered from her proper character, and calls down upon herself terms of reproach. Men of the world move onward in their favorite objects of pursuit. They organize institutions, establish and sustain them. They plan railroads, make them, and send the puffing engine across the land, loaded with treasure, and teeming with life. They fit out ships, and send them by wind and storm, richly freighted, to navigate every river, lake and sea on the globe. They declare war, enlist soldiers, invade territories, bombard cities, and, just or unjust, push the battle strife into the centre of other nations. But many are inquiring, Where are the strong men of Zion? Where are the converts of revival days? Where are the victories of the cross?

To the inquiries of Nehemiah about his brethren, and his native city, some answered that 'the captives left in the province were in great affliction and reproach—the wall of Jerusalem was broken down, and the gates were burned with fire.' When he heard that report, he sat down and wept, and mourned, and fasted certain days, and prayed before the God of heaven. And when he had passed in silent sadness over the wide-spreading ruins, he addressed the addressed his brethren:—'Ye see the distress that we are in—Jerusalem is waste, and the gates are burnt with fire. Come, let us build the wall, that we be no longer a reproach.' How David felt and prayed when the dark cloud rested on beloved Zion. 'Have mercy upon us, O Lord, have mercy upon us; for we are exceedingly filled with contempt. Our soul is exceedingly filled with the contempt of the proud. Our enemies laugh among themselves.'

Now, in view of the present reproach on our Zion, should not the friends of God sit down, as did Nehemiah, and weep, fast and pray, and like David, cry for mercy?—'Help, Lord, for the godly man ceaseth, for the faithful fall from among the children of men.' The church should become more holy and heavenly in her character and appearance. Her Lord has made ample provision for this. He has prepared for her a most pure and lovely dress. A white robe—the best robe. Let her put on this dress, and she will soon be again addressed as in former times. 'The king's daughter is all glorious within; her clothing is of wrought gold. She shall be brought unto the king in raiment of needle work; the virgins, her companions, who follow her, shall be brought unto thee.' Thus robed and attended, God looks upon her, and says, 'Since thou wast precious in my sight, thou hast been honorable, and I have loved thee; therefore I will give men for thee, and people for thy life.'

What God said to Abraham, is true of all who walk in his steps:—'I will bless thee, and make thy name great; and thou shalt be a blessing.' For if ye be Christ's, then are ye Abraham's seed, and heirs according to promise. Let a holy and heavenly revival influence pass through the church; such an influence as God has promised in answer to repentance, faith and prayer, and she will rise and shine, her light being come, and the glory of the Lord being risen upon her.

A REVIVAL INFLUENCE IS NEEDED TO ELEVATE THE CHURCH ABOVE HER PRESENT STATION. When the church retreats back into Egypt, or Babylon, or into the wilderness, she loses her dignified, her appropriate place. At such a time, God sends out some touching appeals:—'Why has this people slid down back? Can a maid forget her ornaments, or a bride her attire? Yet my people have forgotten me, days without number. My people are bent to backslide from me. From the days of your fathers, have ye gone away from mine ordinances, and have not kept them.' Even in the New Testament church, Paul exclaimed, 'Where then is the blessedness ye speak of? Ye did run well, who hath hindered you?' Yes, and how early and affecting the visit of the Redeemer to the seven churches. There he walked, and there he said, 'I have somewhat against thee; how soon, O how soon, after the agonies of the garden, and the warm, gushing blood of the cross, how soon after the resurrection morning, how soon after the great commission sounded on the summit of Olivet, and the bright cloud lowered from the heavenly world, how soon after the ascending King passed through the everlasting doors, received the homage of ransomed millions, and sent down the baptismal power of the Holy Spirit, did the church begin to lower from her high elevation, and her new-born powers

revolt from God! Alas! how so affectingly true and stirring are all these appeals now. But there is another class of appeals dropping from the lips of God. 'Hearken, O daughter, and consider, and incline thine ear; for thou shalt own people, and thy father's house. So shall the King greatly desire thy beauty: for he is thy Lord, and worship thou him.' Again, 'Though ye have lain among the pots, yet ye shall be as the wings of a dove covered with silver, and her feathers with yellow gold.' O, how much the church needs the wings of a dove, all silvered over, and golden plumes, that she may rise above her low ground position, and soar upward—upward—upward—to her high place of destination.

Let us hear another call. O Zion, that bringest good tidings, get thee up into the high mountain: O Jerusalem, that bringest good tidings, lift up thy voice with strength, lift up, be not afraid: say unto the cities of Judah, Behold your God. Behold, the Lord God shall come with a strong hand, and his arm shall rule for him: behold, his reward is with him, and his work before him. We here learn what station God calls the church to occupy. But in order to come up to that elevated position, she needs revival power from the heavenly world. Beloved brethren, what shall we do to obtain such an influence? Has not our kind Father supplied us with ample means for securing the desired blessing? Shall we use those means? Shall we arise and shake ourselves from the dust, and go forth in the strength of the Master? While God calls, while Zion mourns, while the judgment hastens, and while a world is perishing, shall we pray for a revival influence? labor for a revival influence? and prepare for a revival influence? Charleston, 1848.

For the Christian Reflector.

Slavery and the Bible.—No. 2.

1 TIMOTHY 6: 1, 2.

The second verse has been so long claimed as the bulwark of slavery, that it is dangerous approaching it. However, we must look at it, and see if it be impregnable.

But here I must, for the present, assume that servant and master are the proper words to represent *doulos* and *despotes*; that servant never means a slave in the New Testament, unless some qualifying word or circumstance be connected with it; that *despotes* was a term of respect, applicable to any and every household through all the Asiatic provinces, implying that every man was ruler in his own house, according to the law of the Medes and Persians; whether there were servants of any kind in the family or not; that it might never be translated slaveholder; and that every qualifying word or circumstance be connected with it, to give it that sense; and that it is as absurd to attempt to prove that a man in Asia was a slaveholder, because he was called *despotes*, as to attempt to prove that every household in Great Britain is a slaveholder, because he is called master. Indeed, domestic despotism no more proves domestic slavery, than national despotism does national slavery. A despot must have supreme power, whether in a family or on a throne; but he may be an excellent ruler, and exert all his power for the best good of his subjects. This term has a good as well as a bad sense, and is applied more than once to Jesus Christ or God. See Luke 2: 29; Acts 4: 24; 2 Tim. 2: 21; 2 Peter 1: 1; Jude 4; and Rev. 6: 10. It indicates the nature of the power vested, not the manner in which the power is used, or the character of those who are invested with the power. Indeed, every household in New England is legally authorized to rule in its own house. What should we think of the *sanctity* of the man who should, from this fact, attempt to prove that every household in New England is a slaveholder?

We will now look at the formidable text to which the advocates of Bible slavery have fled for refuge. 'And they that have believing masters, let them not despise them, because they are brethren; but rather do them service, because they are faithful and beloved, partakers of the benefit.' Here we observe that the masters in this verse are a class distinct from, and very unlike, the masters mentioned in the verse preceding. These were faithful and beloved men, who took cheerfully the spoiling of their goods for Christ's sake; the others were heathen, who held Christians in slavery, and were ready to blaspheme God and his doctrine of salvation. The duty enjoined, and the motives by which it is enforced, are also very different. We have therefore reason to suppose that the same was true of the servants. Accordingly, the verse is introduced with a conjunction which implies a difference or contrast, and should have been rendered but, rather than and. These servants were not slaves, but domestics, whose services were needed in these pious families. What their former state had been, I know not; but the whole drift of the verse shows that they were now free, and in danger of abusing their freedom. 1. There is nothing said about their being under the yoke, and no man may now put a yoke upon their necks.—Against all such attempts, I enter my protest.

2. These servants and their masters were brethren. The relation of brotherhood is fully recognized. A strange relation for slaves and their owners to occupy! 3. These servants held such a position in the family, that there was danger of their despising their masters, and of their refusing to help them. 4. This position or relation evidently resulted from the fact that these servants and masters had become brethren in Christ.—

—Ester 1: 22

They occupied equal ground in the church, and were entitled to equal privileges. In many cases, the servants were superior to the masters, in education, gifts and graces. And being now brought into a common brotherhood, there was danger that they would be elated by their new position, and despise their masters, who were now only brethren. Hence, they were cautioned not to despise their masters because they were brethren. Does not this look as though the position of the servants had been essentially altered by the fact that they and their masters had become brethren? K. B.

Original and Select.

Orthodoxy of Milton.

The Presbyterian Herald says, no doubt seems to have been entertained of the stern theology of the author of Paradise Lost, until about the commencement of the present century, when a manuscript was found, containing a kind of system of theology, in which Ariarian opinions respecting the person of Christ, are distinctly avowed, and also some very crude and extravagant opinions on several other subjects. As there seems to be little doubt about the genuineness of this work, the only question of importance relating to it, is, at what period of Milton's life was this treatise written. If late in life, then it must be admitted to contain his mature sentiments; but if early in life, the inference is, that he changed his opinions after mature study. The probability is that it is a juvenile production, written soon after his return from Italy; for had it been the result of his mature studies, there is a strong probability that he would have given it to the world; for, though it contains opinions differing from the commonly received doctrines, Milton was not a man to conceal his opinions, or withhold them, through fear of public censure or clamor. Never existed a man of more independent mind, and one more fearless in publishing his real opinions. If orthodox opinions have been clearly and boldly avowed in his mature writings, the inference seems probable, that this treatise contains the early speculation of an ardent and vigorous mind, which though written out with care, he never would have consented to publish in the more mature period of his life. This opinion is expressed by the author of memoirs of Milton, prefixed to his 'Prose Works,' published in Philadelphia, by Herman Hooker, in 1845. This writer, in speaking of the 'Treatise on Christian Doctrine,' says:—'That work he never would have given to the press himself, and which is on every account, less worthy of praise than any of his other productions, (and) was probably composed during his first years after his return from Italy, and is the substance of familiar lectures to his pupils on theology. He had studied the doctrine of our Saviour, before his mind attained the strength of its maturity, as some have looked upon the sun until for a while their sight was darkened. In the end he was right. In none of his great works is there a passage Ariarian; and in the very last of his writings he has returned to the doctrine of the Trinity as a plain doctrine in Scripture.'

The author does not refer us to the place whence this testimony is taken; but in his work on the 'Reformation in England,' there is a remarkable prayer of this great man, from which the following is an extract:—'Thou, therefore, that sitest in light and glory, unapproachable Parent of angels and men! Next then, I implore omnipotent King, Redeemer of the last remnant, whose nature thou didst assume, ineffable and everlasting life, that thou wilt send down the grace of Divine Infusion, illuminating Spirit, the joy and solace of created things! One tripartite Godhead! Look upon this thy poor and almost expiring church, &c.'—Milton's Prose Works, vol. 1, page 33.

Fame and Glory.

There are few men among us, who have brought their talents and brilliant classic learning, and their mind more fully upon the altar of humanity, than Charles Sumner, Esq., of this city. No production that we remember to have seen, has done more than his Fourth of July Address, to awaken just estimates of him, in all its unrelieved demerits. We have to add to this publication another from the same mint, being of the same metal, and having similar impressions. Like its predecessor, the truths of this address were first poured forth in burning words of oral eloquence.

Mr. Sumner, after enumerating the objects of lavish praise among the heathen ancients, says:—'Such have been some of the objects of praise in other places and times. Such has been the glory achieved. Men have always extolled those characters and acts which, according to their knowledge or ignorance, they were best able to appreciate. Nor does this rule fail in its application to our day. The ends of pursuit vary still in different parts of the globe, and among different persons, and the motives by which it is enforced, are also very different. We have therefore reason to suppose that the same was true of the servants. Accordingly, the verse is introduced with a conjunction which implies a difference or contrast, and should have been rendered but, rather than and. These servants were not slaves, but domestics, whose services were needed in these pious families. What their former state had been, I know not; but the whole drift of the verse shows that they were now free, and in danger of abusing their freedom. 1. There is nothing said about their being under the yoke, and no man may now put a yoke upon their necks.—Against all such attempts, I enter my protest.

2. These servants and their masters were brethren. The relation of brotherhood is fully recognized. A strange relation for slaves and their owners to occupy! 3. These servants held such a position in the family, that there was danger of their despising their masters, and of their refusing to help them. 4. This position or relation evidently resulted from the fact that these servants and masters had become brethren in Christ.—

—Ester 1: 22

on which hang all the law and the prophets. Such is the controlling public opinion of our age and country. A people which regards success rather than the sacred objects for which alone success is worthy of desire,—which has not yet discerned the beauty of humble and disinterested labors in the great causes by which the welfare of mankind is advanced,—which has not yet admired the golden chain of harmony by which all efforts of usefulness are bound together,—which has not yet recognized as a vital truth, the peculiar Christian sentiment of Human Brotherhood, regardless of any difference of country, color, or race,—which does not feel, in the concerns of state as of private life, the enkindling supremacy of those principles of justice and benevolence, which irradiate with heavenly influences the home of the poor, the minds of the ignorant, and the solitude of the prison, which reveal the degradation of the slave, and the wickedness of war, while they exalt scholarship, invigorate eloquence, extend science, and all human knowledge,—such a people, not unattainably, sends the reflection of its applause upon conduct less in harmony with truth, virtue, goodness, than with its own imperfect spirit. And this is what is called reputation, Fame, Glory,—fickle as a breeze, unsubstantial as a shadow. Well does the master poet of Italy say—

'No shadow's heavenly light shall rise;
No God regard their better lives;
Nor Saviour call them to the skies.'

Each day this year will settle the destiny, the eternal destiny of souls! Reader, may it not be thy unalterable destiny that it is to be fixed this year? this day?

We hope to make other extracts from this timely and truthful pamphlet which Messrs. Ticknor & Co. have published in their neat manner.

Infidel Celebration in Iowa.

A Colporteur accepted an invitation to a celebration of Abner Kneeland's delivery from prison in Boston, where he was sentenced for blasphemy. The speeches and toasts were very gross. Some days after this, says the Colporteur, 'I called on some of the infidel families, and was kindly received. Two of them accepted Nelson on Infidelity, as a loan; and another selected the Tract, "Infidel Reclaimed;" other infidels treated me in accordance with their various notions of my books, and the work I was performing; yet, strange as it may seem, I sold more in the vicinity of this settlement, than in any other place of equal population. One large family, headed by an aged Campbellite, purchased \$5 worth of books, expressly, as he said, to keep his children from becoming infidels. Others expressed similar anxiety. I have never visited a spot where it appeared to me I had been instrumental in doing so much good.'

For the Christian Reflector.

'I know thee by Name.'

EXODUS 33: 17.

The gift of sons of song—
The warrior, brave and strong—
And fashion's gliding throng,
All seek a name;
The noble, proud, and brave,
The ambitious vainly strive,
To strive for fame.
In the world's whirl and rage,
Where aspirants engage,
On scrolls, or history's page,
Their names may write;
When circling years are flown,
And time no more to be known,
When proud names have been shown
In heaven's pure light!
Ah! will God know them then,
When life has done with men—
Will his almighty ken
Read the frail scroll?
Will he call thy name to come
Which mortals held in scorn,
When heavenly love's pure flame
Ne'er warmed their soul?
Better thy name be known
Around Jehovah's throne,
Be thy praise shown,
Than thy glory on high;
Than a petty and low
Entwine a wreath about,
Which God will well approve
In far eternity.
Then, when earth's golden trust
Shall fade, decay and rust,
And marble turn to dust,
Thy name shall stand;
When tablets fade away,
When records fade away,
Thy name shall stand for aye,
Written by God's hand.
Hartford, Ct., Jan., 1848. JUSTICE.

For the Christian Reflector.

Knell of the Departed Year!

[Concluded from page 10.]

III. How have they gone? Many have gone by slow, wasting disease. Death has done his work in a steady, imperceptible process. The lamp has become dim, and slowly disappeared among the shades of death. Others have passed away suddenly. By some unexpected shock in the machinery of the world, the cord of life was broken, the blood chilled, and death hurried away his victims. From the bustling steamboat, the blazing ship, the crushed wreck, and the broken rail-car, many have passed, in a moment, beyond the boundary line of life, and opened immortal eyes in the world of spirits. Some have dropped at their work—some at their pleasures—some in mortal combat—some by suicidal hand—some by the assassin's dagger—some by the sword of war. Over portions of Europe, thousands have perished for want of bread.

IV. Where have they gone? The cold realms of mortality have gone to the dark and silent grave. As the orb of day has reined his bright and erring onward way, he has a moment sent his beams on new-made graves, and on pale cheeks, faded by the touch of death. The waves have become the winding-sheet, and ocean's deep the resting-place of many thousands. Thus, as death has pursued his bloody work, onward and still onward, the year has expired, and with it some twenty-five or thirty millions of earth's great passing family, and their souls knell sounds mournfully in the ears of surviving friends.

But where have the immortal souls of all these sleeping millions gone? To the spirit world.

left the scenes of danger, and stand within the eternal walls of safety; they have left the field of conflict, and commenced the song, the everlasting song of victory.

'These fragrant flowers immortal bloom,
And joys supreme are given;
There's no divine displeasure thence;
Beyond the dark and narrow tomb,
Appears the dawn of heaven.'

Some, alas! we fear have lowered to that dark world of despair where death reigns, and where innovations and we never enter. They have left all their comforts and possessions, and gone, poor, despised, condemned and guilty, to live and mourn in blackness and darkness forever!

'In that lone land of deep despair,
No Sabbath's heavenly light shall rise;
No God regard their better lives;
Nor Saviour call them to the skies.'

1. Such being the work of death the past year, what may we expect the present? Has death finished his work, and are the changes of time ended? May we not expect that children, parents, brothers and sisters, husbands and wives, will die this year also? That family—business—pleasure—and official circles will be broken, and millions of immortal spirits be hurled onward to the solemn and endless retributions of eternity?

'Time like a tide its motion keeps,
And we must needs those boundless deeps
Where endless ages roll!

Each day this year will settle the destiny, the eternal destiny of souls! Reader, may it not be thy unalterable destiny that it is to be fixed this year? this day?

'Revered bliss—eternal we,
Hang on this inch of time below.'

2. Such being the work of death the past year, and his onward movements the present, what shall we do?—do for ourselves?—do for souls?—do for God? Shall we set our hearts to work in order to? Shall we prepare to meet God? Shall we lead lost sinners to Christ? Shall angels rejoice over such, through our efforts this year? Have we any time for lightness and trifling? Any reason for excuses or neglect? Death is at the door! Judgment hastens, and in heaven or hell our souls will soon be settled for endless ages. Shall we act?—act for our friends?—act for a lost world—act for the honor of God?

There has been no moving among the dry bones in the valley of spiritual death, and the truth of the Bible relative to the agency of the 'Comforter,' has been plainly demonstrated amid the abuses and formalities of a spurious religion.

It is upon the fulfillment of this promise of the Father, upon the manifestation of the Spirit, that we build the hopes of the church and the world. If ever one soul now out of Christ is brought to the experience of the power of the gospel, it must be through the special agency of the Holy Ghost. If this world is to be converted to God, it must be by copious effusions of his influence, of which the scenes on the day of Pentecost were but the types and earnest. Sad indeed will it be for the church of God, when her members become blind, or skeptical, in reference to the manifestation of the Spirit, as the peculiarity of our age. The history of the church puts beyond all question, not simply the necessity of the Spirit's influence, but the necessity likewise of their copious effusions. Without them, the daily, hourly movements of the church in retrograde, and her life and energy are inseparable from her advancement. There has been, we apprehend, a growing skepticism, for some time past, as to the advantage, if not the necessity of these outpourings from on high, and we have seen how we have been misled, leaning to mere formalism on the one hand, and in efforts to bring down religion to the mere natural effect of a natural cause on the other—a result which has furnished to doubters and unbelievers, this problem for their solution—how long, and present rate of progress, will it be, before spiritual Christianity, which now scarcely holds her own, shall, according to the sure word of prophecy, overstep the earth? The ages which have gone by, have been signalized by wondrous outpourings of the Holy Ghost. Scarce a day has passed, but the church has witnessed the revelation of Jesus Christ, but has been more or less refreshed by these spiritual visitations; and these revivals of Pentecostal days have endowed the church of Christ with new elements of spiritual power, or quickened into new action those who had ceased to work. It is indeed so (as President Edwards has conclusively demonstrated in his History of Redemption), that by means of these special and abundant influences shed down from on high, God has established and carried forward his work in the world.

To this reason is religion in our land indebted for its foothold and its influence; and if they are withheld from us, we are lost.—Dr. Mason, in Bib. Repository.

The Path to Heaven.

Saints will be satisfied with the way in which God leads them to heaven. Though this, like the way of the wilderness, is truly a way which they did not anticipate, and which they never had before, yet it is a new road about Jehovah, yet the light of eternity will make it appear the right way. By reason of the sins of their earthly course, they will have an experimental knowledge of the views and feelings of the damned, which holy angels will never have. The various sorrows which they experienced on earth will give them an experimental acquaintance with suffering, which the holy angels never have. These kinds of experimental knowledge may and doubtless will be of great importance to them as long as they shall exist. The surprising changes, the disappointments, and the trials of earth, will prepare them to appreciate and enjoy the rest of heaven, as those who did not come out of great tribulation cannot enjoy it. Had they never been sinners, and been led

through the way in which God leads his saints, they could never have been eligible to the glorious provisions of the gospel; nor have become the subjects of that grace which will call forth a song which angels can never learn; nor have come into that peculiar union with Christ which will be a source of such transcendent dignity and blessedness. It is these things which are destined to make Zion 'the perfection of beauty.' Is it not a self-evident, as well as scriptural fact, that those whom God shall have forgiven most, will love the most? That wonder-working Providence, which makes the first to be last, and the last to be first, and which will cause the saints to become 'kings and priests unto God,' leads every saint in the best way to heaven. The severe discipline of earth is none too severe, effectually to teach them the nature, tendency, obstinacy, and malignity of sin both in themselves and in others; and the glories of divine grace, connected with these disciplines. Saints will see that God has caused all things to work together for his own glory, and their highest ultimate good, which will completely satisfy them.

—Boston Recorder.

It does me Good to attend the Prayer-Meeting.

It attaches me to the brethren. In long absence I become alienated. Sympathy ceases. When I attend, I see in them the image of my Saviour. Their prayers, their exhortations, their songs, win, melt, and bind my heart.

In such society as this
My willing soul may stay.
It helps me in my Christian course. I cannot go on alone. If I am alone, I become weary. If I am alone, I faint. If I am alone, I sleep, or adversaries drag me aside, and I lose my path. In the prayer-meeting, faintness and weariness depart; and with companions and friends, I go onward, onward. Each one I attend, brings me nearer my home.

It brightens my graces. Knowledge is increased. Here I learn better than even from the pulpit, the state of the church, the feelings of the brethren, their anxiety for sinners; my repentance is deepened, faith strengthened, hope revived, charity expanded. The humble confession of an erring brother; the perhaps honest, yet faithful exhortation of one who hears Christ in his heart; the related experience of one just born of God; the burning of my armor, and I come down, like Moses, shining from the mount.

It increases my usefulness. What do you more than others? I say the world, when I stay from the prayer-meeting. I cannot rebuke them. I cannot pray for them. I am a stumbling-block, over which they fall and perish. When I attend, I encourage others. My example preaches to sinners and worldly professors. It cheers my minister. I bear the character of a consistent Christian, and I may be one among others to draw down the influences of the Holy Spirit.

It secures me happiness. If I stay away, I am not happy; not happy in myself, for my conscience reproves me; not happy in the brethren, for they condemn me; not happy in the prayer-meeting, and he is there. I find from whom my soul loveth. And there is revived

—The Massachusetts Worker
When First I saw the Lord.

And when, at parting, we sing—
'Around thy throne great we may meet,
And give no rest to thee, O God,
We'll shout thy praise, and join the song
Of the triumphant, holy throng.'

It closely allies me to heaven. I feel that tomorrow, or next day, when I attend, I become more active in duty, care less for the world, bid earth

—roll on,
Nor mind its idle whirl.
—N. Y. Evangelist.

The Power of God.

The fear of God is an inward, thoughtful sense of God and his infinite perfections, with a respect to him as the universal governor and judge of the world, which will excite us steadily to please him, and make us tremble to offend him. The fear of God is the wisdom, the glory and happiness of nations, the stability of thrones, and the basis of all solid greatness, in every kingdom and empire upon earth.

The respecting the fear of God ruined the old world, before the flood, burned Sodom and Gomorrah, and, as we saw, the Egyptian, destroyed Nineveh, tore up Babylon by the roots, and consumed Jerusalem in flames.

—N. Y. Evangelist.

The Family Circle.

For the Christian Reflector.

Power of a Mother's Name.

MISS MARY. The following lines were suggested on reading in your valuable "Reflector" the touching incident related of a mother just entering prison, who seemed to be regardless of her personal misfortune, and who, in the kind-hearted words, told the name of her mother fell upon her guilty ears. The name of her mother fell upon her guilty ears. The name of her mother fell upon her guilty ears.

There's a magic power in a mother's name,
To kindle me to a glowing flame,
To kindle me to a glowing flame,
To kindle me to a glowing flame.

It tells the waves of war to give me rest,
In all their might, upon a deathless host,
In all their might, upon a deathless host,
In all their might, upon a deathless host.

It tells the waves of war to give me rest,
In all their might, upon a deathless host,
In all their might, upon a deathless host,
In all their might, upon a deathless host.

It tells the waves of war to give me rest,
In all their might, upon a deathless host,
In all their might, upon a deathless host,
In all their might, upon a deathless host.

It tells the waves of war to give me rest,
In all their might, upon a deathless host,
In all their might, upon a deathless host,
In all their might, upon a deathless host.

It tells the waves of war to give me rest,
In all their might, upon a deathless host,
In all their might, upon a deathless host,
In all their might, upon a deathless host.

It tells the waves of war to give me rest,
In all their might, upon a deathless host,
In all their might, upon a deathless host,
In all their might, upon a deathless host.

It tells the waves of war to give me rest,
In all their might, upon a deathless host,
In all their might, upon a deathless host,
In all their might, upon a deathless host.

It tells the waves of war to give me rest,
In all their might, upon a deathless host,
In all their might, upon a deathless host,
In all their might, upon a deathless host.

It tells the waves of war to give me rest,
In all their might, upon a deathless host,
In all their might, upon a deathless host,
In all their might, upon a deathless host.

It tells the waves of war to give me rest,
In all their might, upon a deathless host,
In all their might, upon a deathless host,
In all their might, upon a deathless host.

It tells the waves of war to give me rest,
In all their might, upon a deathless host,
In all their might, upon a deathless host,
In all their might, upon a deathless host.

It tells the waves of war to give me rest,
In all their might, upon a deathless host,
In all their might, upon a deathless host,
In all their might, upon a deathless host.

It tells the waves of war to give me rest,
In all their might, upon a deathless host,
In all their might, upon a deathless host,
In all their might, upon a deathless host.

It tells the waves of war to give me rest,
In all their might, upon a deathless host,
In all their might, upon a deathless host,
In all their might, upon a deathless host.

It tells the waves of war to give me rest,
In all their might, upon a deathless host,
In all their might, upon a deathless host,
In all their might, upon a deathless host.

It tells the waves of war to give me rest,
In all their might, upon a deathless host,
In all their might, upon a deathless host,
In all their might, upon a deathless host.

It tells the waves of war to give me rest,
In all their might, upon a deathless host,
In all their might, upon a deathless host,
In all their might, upon a deathless host.

It tells the waves of war to give me rest,
In all their might, upon a deathless host,
In all their might, upon a deathless host,
In all their might, upon a deathless host.

It tells the waves of war to give me rest,
In all their might, upon a deathless host,
In all their might, upon a deathless host,
In all their might, upon a deathless host.

It tells the waves of war to give me rest,
In all their might, upon a deathless host,
In all their might, upon a deathless host,
In all their might, upon a deathless host.

It tells the waves of war to give me rest,
In all their might, upon a deathless host,
In all their might, upon a deathless host,
In all their might, upon a deathless host.

It tells the waves of war to give me rest,
In all their might, upon a deathless host,
In all their might, upon a deathless host,
In all their might, upon a deathless host.

It tells the waves of war to give me rest,
In all their might, upon a deathless host,
In all their might, upon a deathless host,
In all their might, upon a deathless host.

It tells the waves of war to give me rest,
In all their might, upon a deathless host,
In all their might, upon a deathless host,
In all their might, upon a deathless host.

It tells the waves of war to give me rest,
In all their might, upon a deathless host,
In all their might, upon a deathless host,
In all their might, upon a deathless host.

It tells the waves of war to give me rest,
In all their might, upon a deathless host,
In all their might, upon a deathless host,
In all their might, upon a deathless host.

It tells the waves of war to give me rest,
In all their might, upon a deathless host,
In all their might, upon a deathless host,
In all their might, upon a deathless host.

It tells the waves of war to give me rest,
In all their might, upon a deathless host,
In all their might, upon a deathless host,
In all their might, upon a deathless host.

It tells the waves of war to give me rest,
In all their might, upon a deathless host,
In all their might, upon a deathless host,
In all their might, upon a deathless host.

It tells the waves of war to give me rest,
In all their might, upon a deathless host,
In all their might, upon a deathless host,
In all their might, upon a deathless host.

It tells the waves of war to give me rest,
In all their might, upon a deathless host,
In all their might, upon a deathless host,
In all their might, upon a deathless host.

It tells the waves of war to give me rest,
In all their might, upon a deathless host,
In all their might, upon a deathless host,
In all their might, upon a deathless host.

It tells the waves of war to give me rest,
In all their might, upon a deathless host,
In all their might, upon a deathless host,
In all their might, upon a deathless host.

It tells the waves of war to give me rest,
In all their might, upon a deathless host,
In all their might, upon a deathless host,
In all their might, upon a deathless host.

It tells the waves of war to give me rest,
In all their might, upon a deathless host,
In all their might, upon a deathless host,
In all their might, upon a deathless host.

It tells the waves of war to give me rest,
In all their might, upon a deathless host,
In all their might, upon a deathless host,
In all their might, upon a deathless host.

It tells the waves of war to give me rest,
In all their might, upon a deathless host,
In all their might, upon a deathless host,
In all their might, upon a deathless host.

It tells the waves of war to give me rest,
In all their might, upon a deathless host,
In all their might, upon a deathless host,
In all their might, upon a deathless host.

It tells the waves of war to give me rest,
In all their might, upon a deathless host,
In all their might, upon a deathless host,
In all their might, upon a deathless host.

It tells the waves of war to give me rest,
In all their might, upon a deathless host,
In all their might, upon a deathless host,
In all their might, upon a deathless host.

It tells the waves of war to give me rest,
In all their might, upon a deathless host,
In all their might, upon a deathless host,
In all their might, upon a deathless host.

It tells the waves of war to give me rest,
In all their might, upon a deathless host,
In all their might, upon a deathless host,
In all their might, upon a deathless host.

It tells the waves of war to give me rest,
In all their might, upon a deathless host,
In all their might, upon a deathless host,
In all their might, upon a deathless host.

It tells the waves of war to give me rest,
In all their might, upon a deathless host,
In all their might, upon a deathless host,
In all their might, upon a deathless host.

It tells the waves of war to give me rest,
In all their might, upon a deathless host,
In all their might, upon a deathless host,
In all their might, upon a deathless host.

It tells the waves of war to give me rest,
In all their might, upon a deathless host,
In all their might, upon a deathless host,
In all their might, upon a deathless host.

It tells the waves of war to give me rest,
In all their might, upon a deathless host,
In all their might, upon a deathless host,
In all their might, upon a deathless host.

It tells the waves of war to give me rest,
In all their might, upon a deathless host,
In all their might, upon a deathless host,
In all their might, upon a deathless host.

It tells the waves of war to give me rest,
In all their might, upon a deathless host,
In all their might, upon a deathless host,
In all their might, upon a deathless host.

wardrobe; and, indeed, after what we have seen, it may appear needless to do so. But there are two or three things here which we cannot forbear to notice. The first is the order with which the articles are arranged.

Each member of the family has his place. His clothes are hung, or laid in drawers, and a place exclusively assigned to him; so that the mother, servant, or even the child, could get any article wanted, in the dark. This saves all waste of time and temper in search of misplaced clothing.

The next thing to be noticed, is the carefully preserved integrity of each article. Nothing is placed here, but in a condition to be worn, and in a manner to be worn.

So that all of this family are saved the tedious liability of being obliged to dress over a second or third time, to secure a sound garment. Another thing to be noticed, is the cleanliness of the articles, the whiteness of the linen, and the entire absence of everything that could begeth the presence of a moth.

After what we have seen, we may safely conclude that all is right in this house: in peace, content, abundance, a happy husband and virtuous children are not found here, it is not, we presume, the fault of the wife. Something more, however, remains to be said on the subject.

Rev. H. Winslow, in *Practical Education*.

A Self-made Man.

About forty years ago, somewhere in the woods near the line between Tennessee and Kentucky, in a log cabin sixteen feet by eighteen, which was already occupied by a brood of ten or twelve children, was born a boy, the youngest of the family.

His infancy he was fed on bog and honey, and the flesh of such wild varmints as were caught in the woods. At twelve years of age, he was put out to work with a neighbor as a farm boy, and drove oxen, hauled timber, and did sundry other things.

When he was sixteen, he was apprenticed to a carpenter, and in the winter, he was seventeen years old, when he took to making brick; to which he added the profession of a carpenter; and by these successive steps in mechanical arts he became able, by his own unassisted skill, to repair houses, to make the mill, to build a school-house or church, till after he was eighteen years old. By the assistance of an old man in the neighborhood, he learned, during the winter evenings, to read and write, when a farm boy. Having achieved these valuable acquisitions by the aid of his own industry and perseverance, he became the fruit of his own application and perseverance.

At the age of twenty-two, he conceived the idea of fitting himself for the practice of law. He at first procured an old copy of Blackstone, and having, after a close study of that work, in three hours in length, each, to the same end, and not a movement testified any weakness on the part of a single auditor, and during their delivery the assembly seemed amazed by the orator as ready by the word.

That poor farm boy is at the present time at Washington, a member of Congress from Mississippi. His name is Patrick W. Thompson. He is a self-made man, and his history shows that a humble boy can do, when he determines to try.

Domestic Education.

What a charm pervades that dwelling, whose matron has the grace of a thorough domestic education! An air of neatness, order, simplicity, cheerfulness, pervades and blesses all. The very atmosphere is sweet.

You scarcely enter the door, before unequivocal signals betoken the presence of domestic life. The door-stone is clean, the door-handle so bright, the mat, hat-stand, and other entry conveniences, so tidy and befitting, the air so pure; the servant in neat apparel, and with smiling face, opens the door so generously to the first impression is, *Here is home, sweet home!*

Nor does a further ingress and more close observation disappoint you. If costly drapery does not hang at the windows, nor princely carpets grace the floors, nor sparkling chandeliers and dazzling ornaments display their owners' wealth—things not infrequently serving only as miserable apologies for the true ornaments—everything around you bears record, that the eye of taste and the hand of diligence have been freshly upon it. How bright the steel and brass; how clean the hearth; how luminous the windows; how free from dust the sofas, chairs, and everything around you! The entire room has an air of purity, comfort and hospitality.

How easy and tasteful the arrangements! That book-case, with its chosen volumes, that comfortable seat, with its choice specimens of thought and skill; the vase in yonder corner, displaying the beauties of a well-cultivated and watered green plant, unfolding its luxuriant leaves and opening its bright-eyed blossoms, as if to smile gratitude on its benefactor—these are all the home of one who knows how to live and make home happy.

One fear is well-nigh apprehending you;—You can hardly touch but to soil, and your presence is thus tempted to question its welcome. But that is in the hands of the momentary lady enters. That cordial and generous smile, that charming benevolence which only a true heart can yield, and which all hearts can appreciate, puts you instantly at ease, and makes you regardless of all but objects of mutual interest, the sofa, the table, the room, the furniture;—it is that, only, for which you are present, whether it be a call of business, charity, or friendship.

But the parlor is, perhaps, not the best place to furnish domestic education. There is, at least, four places more unequivocal—the kitchen, the cellar, the store-room, and the wardrobe. Well, let us look at these;—for though the good lady has no vanity to gratify, she has the benevolence to gratify our reasonable curiosity, and she is entitled to an honest confidence that she has nothing to fear from our eyes.

The kitchen is, if possible, more attractive than the parlor. It is only an hour since breakfast, and everything is cleaned and restored to its pristine beauty. The floor, the tables, and all the kitchen appendages, are so pure, sweet and wholesome, that health and comfort seem there to have found their most favored home. I would as soon take a lunch there, as in the king's dining room;—I half think it would taste even better, especially if ministered by the lady's own hands.

Shall we enter the cellar. Here, too, the same neatness, order, convenience and economy, are everywhere seen. The barrels are arranged in order against the wall; the floor is cleanly swept; no cobwebs impend from the ceiling or beam above, and the purity of the air proves at once the cleanliness and careful ventilation of this subterranean department. On that stand are the brushes, and the conveniences for cleaning and polishing shoes. Here is the well-arranged vegetable and provisionary department; there, perhaps, the wash-tubs and benches; in a word, nothing is in the cellar which ought not to be here, and everything which ought to be here, is in the right condition. Such is a good housewife's cellar.

Even the most picky and fastidious, and the more lawless mind, seemed to have learned that this is holy ground;—their impious feet never defile it.

We may be indulged a look into the store-room. Here, again, we find the same order, neatness, economy. The coffee, tea, sugar, spices &c. are all neatly arranged and well covered; the less bulky articles are placed in small, tight boxes, each carefully labeled; the preserves are carefully kept from becoming acid or mouldy, by close covering; cool position, and occasional airing; the fruits are inspected, sorted, and used with a promptness that forestalls decay and waste; the cheese is kept in a tight, cool vessel, and the cake is also carefully stored in stone or earthen, to keep it fresh and sweet;—in a word, all things here evince, that the guardian spirit of this house knows the secret of true comfort with true economy.

Perhaps we ought not to intrude into the

amount to the trifling sum of six dollars and twenty-four cents per annum. I suppose you spend a trifle at the fruit shops; continued Francis.

"Nothing worth mentioning," continued Edward, rather startled at the aggregate of such little items; "all that I buy—apples, nuts, raisins, figs, oranges, &c., do not amount to more than a trifle a week."

Why, that is not so small as Tom Williams, the goldsmith's apprentice says.—Besides, Francis, you know I never taste a drop of any kind of liquor—not even wine. You certainly can't think that I lack economy, Frank?

"Ninety-nine per cent. for nuts, raisins, oranges and figs," repeated Francis, in a low, serious tone, pronouncing the items, one by one, as he wrote them down with all the precision and gravity of a clerk in a counting-room. "Ninety-nine per cent. for nuts, raisins, oranges and figs," repeated Francis, in a low, serious tone, pronouncing the items, one by one, as he wrote them down with all the precision and gravity of a clerk in a counting-room.

"Ninety-nine per cent. for nuts, raisins, oranges and figs," repeated Francis, in a low, serious tone, pronouncing the items, one by one, as he wrote them down with all the precision and gravity of a clerk in a counting-room.

"Ninety-nine per cent. for nuts, raisins, oranges and figs," repeated Francis, in a low, serious tone, pronouncing the items, one by one, as he wrote them down with all the precision and gravity of a clerk in a counting-room.

"Ninety-nine per cent. for nuts, raisins, oranges and figs," repeated Francis, in a low, serious tone, pronouncing the items, one by one, as he wrote them down with all the precision and gravity of a clerk in a counting-room.

"Ninety-nine per cent. for nuts, raisins, oranges and figs," repeated Francis, in a low, serious tone, pronouncing the items, one by one, as he wrote them down with all the precision and gravity of a clerk in a counting-room.

"Ninety-nine per cent. for nuts, raisins, oranges and figs," repeated Francis, in a low, serious tone, pronouncing the items, one by one, as he wrote them down with all the precision and gravity of a clerk in a counting-room.

"Ninety-nine per cent. for nuts, raisins, oranges and figs," repeated Francis, in a low, serious tone, pronouncing the items, one by one, as he wrote them down with all the precision and gravity of a clerk in a counting-room.

"Ninety-nine per cent. for nuts, raisins, oranges and figs," repeated Francis, in a low, serious tone, pronouncing the items, one by one, as he wrote them down with all the precision and gravity of a clerk in a counting-room.

"Ninety-nine per cent. for nuts, raisins, oranges and figs," repeated Francis, in a low, serious tone, pronouncing the items, one by one, as he wrote them down with all the precision and gravity of a clerk in a counting-room.

"Ninety-nine per cent. for nuts, raisins, oranges and figs," repeated Francis, in a low, serious tone, pronouncing the items, one by one, as he wrote them down with all the precision and gravity of a clerk in a counting-room.

"Ninety-nine per cent. for nuts, raisins, oranges and figs," repeated Francis, in a low, serious tone, pronouncing the items, one by one, as he wrote them down with all the precision and gravity of a clerk in a counting-room.

"Ninety-nine per cent. for nuts, raisins, oranges and figs," repeated Francis, in a low, serious tone, pronouncing the items, one by one, as he wrote them down with all the precision and gravity of a clerk in a counting-room.

"Ninety-nine per cent. for nuts, raisins, oranges and figs," repeated Francis, in a low, serious tone, pronouncing the items, one by one, as he wrote them down with all the precision and gravity of a clerk in a counting-room.

"Ninety-nine per cent. for nuts, raisins, oranges and figs," repeated Francis, in a low, serious tone, pronouncing the items, one by one, as he wrote them down with all the precision and gravity of a clerk in a counting-room.

"Ninety-nine per cent. for nuts, raisins, oranges and figs," repeated Francis, in a low, serious tone, pronouncing the items, one by one, as he wrote them down with all the precision and gravity of a clerk in a counting-room.

"Ninety-nine per cent. for nuts, raisins, oranges and figs," repeated Francis, in a low, serious tone, pronouncing the items, one by one, as he wrote them down with all the precision and gravity of a clerk in a counting-room.

"Ninety-nine per cent. for nuts, raisins, oranges and figs," repeated Francis, in a low, serious tone, pronouncing the items, one by one, as he wrote them down with all the precision and gravity of a clerk in a counting-room.

"Ninety-nine per cent. for nuts, raisins, oranges and figs," repeated Francis, in a low, serious tone, pronouncing the items, one by one, as he wrote them down with all the precision and gravity of a clerk in a counting-room.

"Ninety-nine per cent. for nuts, raisins, oranges and figs," repeated Francis, in a low, serious tone, pronouncing the items, one by one, as he wrote them down with all the precision and gravity of a clerk in a counting-room.

"Ninety-nine per cent. for nuts, raisins, oranges and figs," repeated Francis, in a low, serious tone, pronouncing the items, one by one, as he wrote them down with all the precision and gravity of a clerk in a counting-room.

"Ninety-nine per cent. for nuts, raisins, oranges and figs," repeated Francis, in a low, serious tone, pronouncing the items, one by one, as he wrote them down with all the precision and gravity of a clerk in a counting-room.

"Ninety-nine per cent. for nuts, raisins, oranges and figs," repeated Francis, in a low, serious tone, pronouncing the items, one by one, as he wrote them down with all the precision and gravity of a clerk in a counting-room.

"Ninety-nine per cent. for nuts, raisins, oranges and figs," repeated Francis, in a low, serious tone, pronouncing the items, one by one, as he wrote them down with all the precision and gravity of a clerk in a counting-room.

"Ninety-nine per cent. for nuts, raisins, oranges and figs," repeated Francis, in a low, serious tone, pronouncing the items, one by one, as he wrote them down with all the precision and gravity of a clerk in a counting-room.

"Ninety-nine per cent. for nuts, raisins, oranges and figs," repeated Francis, in a low, serious tone, pronouncing the items, one by one, as he wrote them down with all the precision and gravity of a clerk in a counting-room.

"Ninety-nine per cent. for nuts, raisins, oranges and figs," repeated Francis, in a low, serious tone, pronouncing the items, one by one, as he wrote them down with all the precision and gravity of a clerk in a counting-room.

"Ninety-nine per cent. for nuts, raisins, oranges and figs," repeated Francis, in a low, serious tone, pronouncing the items, one by one, as he wrote them down with all the precision and gravity of a clerk in a counting-room.

"Ninety-nine per cent. for nuts, raisins, oranges and figs," repeated Francis, in a low, serious tone, pronouncing the items, one by one, as he wrote them down with all the precision and gravity of a clerk in a counting-room.

"Ninety-nine per cent. for nuts, raisins, oranges and figs," repeated Francis, in a low, serious tone, pronouncing the items, one by one, as he wrote them down with all the precision and gravity of a clerk in a counting-room.

"Ninety-nine per cent. for nuts, raisins, oranges and figs," repeated Francis, in a low, serious tone, pronouncing the items, one by one, as he wrote them down with all the precision and gravity of a clerk in a counting-room.

"Ninety-nine per cent. for nuts, raisins, oranges and figs," repeated Francis, in a low, serious tone, pronouncing the items, one by one, as he wrote them down with all the precision and gravity of a clerk in a counting-room.

"Ninety-nine per cent. for nuts, raisins, oranges and figs," repeated Francis, in a low, serious tone, pronouncing the items, one by one, as he wrote them down with all the precision and gravity of a clerk in a counting-room.

"Ninety-nine per cent. for nuts, raisins, oranges and figs," repeated Francis, in a low, serious tone, pronouncing the items, one by one, as he wrote them down with all the precision and gravity of a clerk in a counting-room.

"Ninety-nine per cent. for nuts, raisins, oranges and figs," repeated Francis, in a low, serious tone, pronouncing the items, one by one, as he wrote them down with all the precision and gravity of a clerk in a counting-room.

"Ninety-nine per cent. for nuts, raisins, oranges and figs," repeated Francis, in a low, serious tone, pronouncing the items, one by one, as he wrote them down with all the precision and gravity of a clerk in a counting-room.

"Ninety-nine per cent. for nuts, raisins, oranges and figs," repeated Francis, in a low, serious tone, pronouncing the items, one by one, as he wrote them down with all the precision and gravity of a clerk in a counting-room.

"Ninety-nine per cent. for nuts, raisins, oranges and figs," repeated Francis, in a low, serious tone, pronouncing the items, one by one, as he wrote them down with all the precision and gravity of a clerk in a counting-room.

"Ninety-nine per cent. for nuts, raisins, oranges and figs," repeated Francis, in a low, serious tone, pronouncing the items, one by one, as he wrote them down with all the precision and gravity of a clerk in a counting-room.

"Ninety-nine per cent. for nuts, raisins, oranges and figs," repeated Francis, in a low, serious tone, pronouncing the items, one by one, as he wrote them down with all the precision and gravity of a clerk in a counting-room.

"Ninety-nine per cent. for nuts, raisins, oranges and figs," repeated Francis, in a low, serious tone, pronouncing the items, one by one, as he wrote them down with all the precision and gravity of a clerk in a counting-room.

"Ninety-nine per cent. for nuts, raisins, oranges and figs," repeated Francis, in a low, serious tone, pronouncing the items, one by one, as he wrote them down with all the precision and gravity of a clerk in a counting-room.

"Ninety-nine per cent. for nuts, raisins, oranges and figs," repeated Francis, in a low, serious tone, pronouncing the items, one by one, as he wrote them down with all the precision and gravity of a clerk in a counting-room.

"Ninety-nine per cent. for nuts, raisins, oranges and figs," repeated Francis, in a low, serious tone, pronouncing the items, one by one, as he wrote them down with all the precision and gravity of a clerk in a counting-room.

"Ninety-nine per cent. for nuts, raisins, oranges and figs," repeated Francis, in a low, serious tone, pronouncing the items, one by one, as he wrote them down with all the precision and gravity of a clerk in a counting-room.

"Ninety-nine per cent. for nuts, raisins, oranges and figs," repeated Francis, in a low, serious tone, pronouncing the items, one by one, as he wrote them down with all the precision and gravity of a clerk in a counting-room.

"Ninety-nine per cent. for nuts, raisins, oranges and figs," repeated Francis, in a low, serious tone, pronouncing the items, one by one, as he wrote them down with all the precision and gravity of a clerk in a counting-room.

"Ninety-nine per cent. for nuts, raisins, oranges and figs," repeated Francis, in a low, serious tone, pronouncing the items, one by one, as he wrote them down with all the precision and gravity of a clerk in a counting-room.

"Ninety-nine per cent. for nuts, raisins, oranges and figs," repeated Francis, in a low, serious tone, pronouncing the items, one by one, as he wrote them down with all the precision and gravity of a clerk in a counting-room.

"Ninety-nine per cent. for nuts, raisins, oranges and figs," repeated Francis, in a low, serious tone, pronouncing the items, one by one, as he wrote them down with all the precision and gravity of a clerk in a counting-room.

"Ninety-nine per cent. for nuts, raisins, oranges and figs," repeated Francis, in a low, serious tone, pronouncing the items, one by one, as he wrote them down with all the precision and gravity of a clerk in a counting-room.

"Ninety-nine per cent. for nuts, raisins, oranges and figs," repeated Francis, in a low, serious tone, pronouncing the items, one by one, as he wrote them down with all the precision and gravity of a clerk in a counting-room.

certain metals are brought together, powerful electric action is evolved, and a light is produced, superior even in brilliancy to the splendor of the sun. Now if a small arrangement produces such results, what may we not expect from the combination of these immense beds of metal to be found in the earth? Here we have the key to all the grand phenomena of volcanic action. An illustration on a small scale may be seen in an instrument called the electrochemical battery, made of zinc, bismuth, and antimony, packed in a box and varnished. In this, heat is evolved below, while the top is cold; and here we have the very cause of the volcano, when in the interior a fiery ocean is heaving its surges, while its peak is capped with everlasting snows.—*Prof. Sillican.*